

Together Again

knightofkneek

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Description:

I loved Freya and Fratley so much that I imagined my own ending.. despite the one of that in the game. :p

1. Together Again

Together Again
-- K.S.

She had been sitting alone by the side of the lake for a long time, frozen, watching the water rippled through her reflection. She took notice of her saddened expression; she hadn't smiled so much since the one who had her heart had fallen out into the distant world. In other words, she had watched him leave home to go out into the world and attempt to protect their home: Burmecia.

The girl sitting beside the watery mirror which portrayed a mere shadow of who she had once been was the Dragon Knight, Freya. She had watched her one love leave her to protect the kingdom of Burmecia, watched him walk away from everything he had treasured and desired. Fratley's words to her had been confident and glossed over with smoothness... He hadn't

wanted her to worry... or cry. Freya's stronger exterior had betrayed her that day, and her tears had mixed with the eternal rainfall of Burmecia. The only difference the knight could tell from her crying and the storm that constantly raged was that the tears were salty and bittersweet; Freya's cries had echoed and been lost in the clouds above.

Freya presently put her hand in the water gently and watched the ripples flow smoothly away from where she was. Her thoughts were blank and scattered among the ashes of what she had once known, constantly searching for a trace of the love she had lost not many years before. Freya thought her world had shattered when Fratley had turned to leave everything in Burmecia behind... including her. She had been wrong; desperately wrong and was starving for some comfort, consolation. Her world had shattered only once before... When her past had returned to haunt her with a desperate cry from Burmecia pleading for assistance, she had returned to where she never thought she would again... Freya had stood strong and determined.

The phoenix which had taken Freya to Lindblum had changed her forever; she was no longer the way she had been before Fratley had left. She was changed... stronger and self-reliable, yet always honest, loyal, and noble. Freya had always had these traits locked deep within. And just when she thought of the things she had lost and had been long forgotten, a tear, a shining memory of the past, rolled down her cheek and gently splashed into the lake.

Once again, ripples followed the impact and a sudden thought came to Freya's mind. Her sadness had caused change in the still pond... It had brought movement and sound, while the water had remained calm she had cried, always on the inside. Change had once again stirred... She had decided to change and be the way she had been before.

Time and sentence of comfort had eventually laced a cloth of old hopes and sorrowful words, when she had hoped against hope that Fratley would return. The cloth had cloaked, hidden the true emotions

which she had felt deeply for so long.

Her love had never returned to her, regardless of how much she had prayed for him to come back to her open arms. Rumors is what Freya had; whispers and gossip of the death of Fratley. Freya had refused to believe them, mainly because he had promised to return to her. Even though that day had never come...

The quote which Freya herself had lived by presently entered her mind with such speed that it nearly shocked her. iTo be forgotten... is worse than death.../i She shed another tear with this thought, remembering how Fratley had said goodbye. Surely he hadn't forgotten her... He promised to return, regardless of the time that had been put between those confident words and Freya. She always continued to keep hoping for some sort of sign to ease her pain and rid her of her denial. Hoped against hope.

As suddenly as her thoughts left her, someone wrapped strong arms

around Freya's waist and held her close, keeping the silence sacred. Freya turned and held to the one she loved, the one which had left many years before. He smiled at her, his eyes returning the emotion which she herself had almost lost. He gently wiped away the tears which had streamed down her face, and then he took a good look in her eyes.

"Fratley..." she whispered, looking right back. Freya returned his embrace and held him close, not wanting to ever let go. He did the same.

"I'll never leave you again, Freya."

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